EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

SPIT IN THE DEVIL'S EYE by Sarah Patton Boyle

THE Nation

OCTOBER 20, 1956
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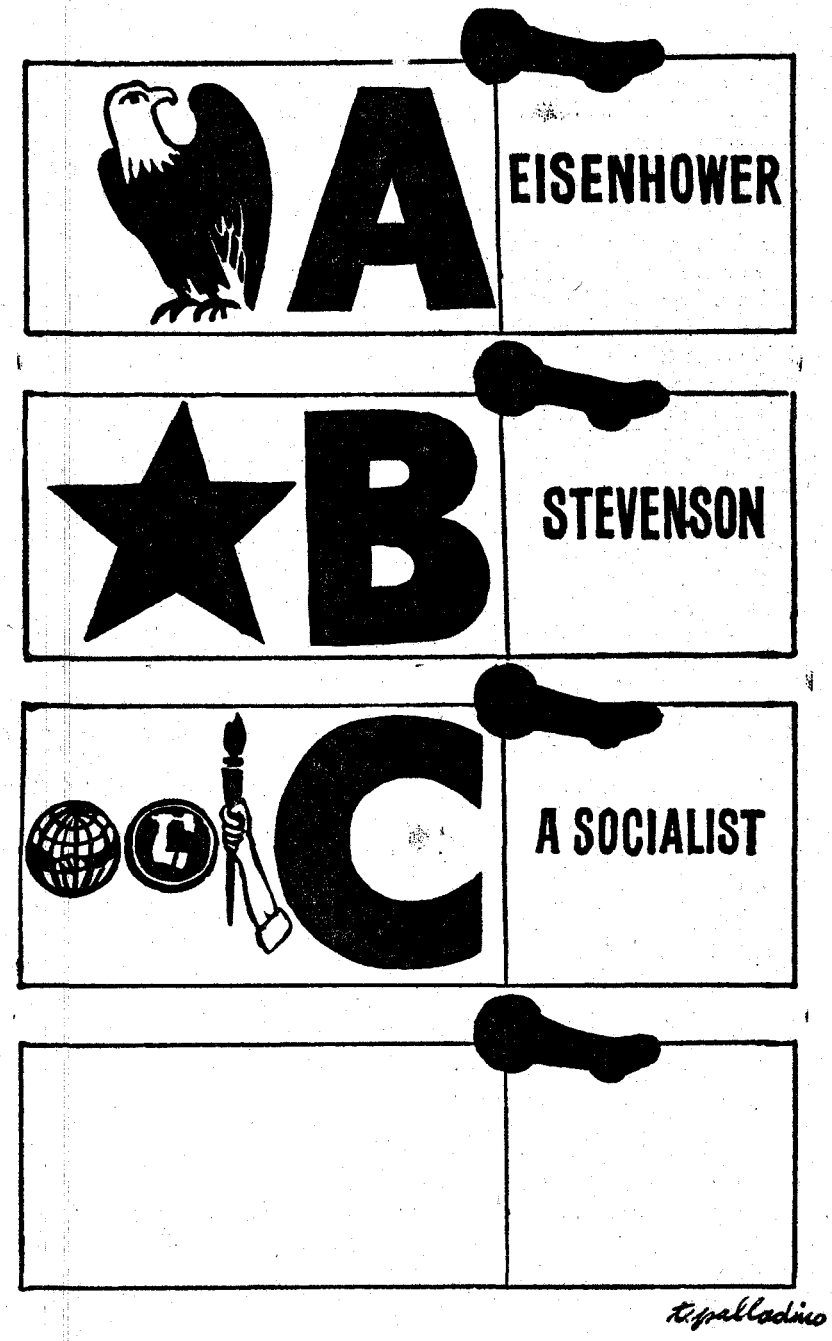

I'll Vote for EISENHOWER

by PALMER HOYT

I'll Vote for STEVENSON

by WILLIAM T. EVJUE

We'll Vote for a SOCIALIST

by LEO HUBERMAN and PAUL M. SWEEZY

I Won't Vote

by W. E. B. DU BOIS

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LETTERS

Panama and Suez

Dear Sirs: In his article "Panama and Suez," in the September 29 issue, Professor Merrill Rippy refers to "the Panama Canal Company." He is on the spot, and he ought to know. But the Canal used to be run directly by the U. S. Government, and I was not aware that the Eisenhower Administration had given it away to Free Enterprise.

There are many radical differences between Suez and Panama, and I cannot imagine the Republic of Panama "nationalizing" the Big Ditch. If it did, we could stage a revolution in the Canal Zone, of the same kind as the one which, under the auspices of Bunau-Varilla and Theodore Roosevelt, gave birth to the present Panamanian nation. It would be amusing, however, if Panama were to "nationalize" the Panamanian shipping lines; and Liberia, another maritime giant, might follow suit. Even Mr. Dulles might find it difficult to defend companies whose sole purpose in choosing Panamanian registry was to evade American laws.

There is, however, a deep resemblance between Suez and Panama: both are indispensable to world commerce. The use of Suez as an international waterway is guaranteed (or rather asserted, for the guarantees were shadowy) by the Constantinople Convention of 1888; the same purpose, as concerns Panama, was affirmed in the Hay-Pauncefore Treaty. That treaty was purely between the United States and Great Britain; but it was intended to be of universal application. We consider it as binding; and Woodrow Wilson vetoed an act of Congress as contrary to its stipulations.

Now we could set a great example of constructive statesmanship if we were to propose setting up an International Authority, under the United Nations, for the purpose of watching over the application of the Constantinople Convention and of the Hay-Pauncefore Treaty. The jurisdiction of such an Authority could be extended to the Turkish Straits: for over a hundred years, it has been admitted that they were of vital interest to other nations than Turkey, and particularly to Bulgaria, Romania and Russia. I believe Mr. Truman at one time suggested placing under international supervision (not control) all international waterways, natural or artificial: the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Rhine, the Danube, the Amazons, the Mekong, would fall under that definition.

We have the choice between extending the rule of "liberty under law," in harmony with our own cherished doctrine: the freedom of the seas; or leaving unchecked the clash of nationalisms and imperialisms. It is plain which way reason lies. But I am afraid that in the present temper of America my proposal will seem starry-eyed and Utopian. A third World War is infinitely more realistic.

ALBERT GUERARD

Stanford, California

[*For reasons of space, several small cuts were made in Mr. Rippy's original manuscript, including a reference to the fact that the Panama Canal Company is a U. S. Government-owned corporation. Thus there is no disagreement between Mr. Guérard and Mr. Rippy on this score.—Ed.*]

A Liberal Program

Dear Sirs: A strong liberal party is the only way to solve our domestic and foreign problems. It would be comforting to hear any of the Presidential candidates bring out the major problems and honestly attack them. The liberal program is simple and specific:

1. Integration of schools. No semantics can detract from the Christian concept that man is created equal and has equal rights. Those opposing segregation in schools should be prosecuted as violators of the law.

2. Let us realize that we have lost the cold war as far as the Asiatic and Oriental people are concerned. To continue not recognizing Red China poses a hopeless stalemate in world co-operation. To offer friendship at a price is childish diplomacy.

3. Let us make the U. N. strong by using it. How can the U. N. endure when it is consistently bypassed by the major powers on vital issues?

4. Let us realize that all countries have inherent in them religious and philosophic principles as important to them as ours are to us.

5. Finally, let us realize that man everywhere feels the unrest and anxieties of an age filled with war, great technical expansion and the atomic bomb. These anxieties grow and finally erupt in men all over the world. Understanding this psychological fact alone could alleviate much of the nationalistic tensions arising in the Arab nations.

I believe that many liberal Americans hold, in some way, these same opinions.

IAN BERNARD

Los Angeles, California

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1956
VOLUME 183, NUMBER 16

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

A Vote for The Future

THE FLATNESS OF this Presidential campaign is due not to the remarkably high level on which it has been conducted, but to the lack of sharp, clarifying debate. One explanation may be that both parties have named their best available candidates: the measure of their differences is not nearly as sharp, say, as the differences between Roosevelt and Hoover or Roosevelt and Landon. Moreover, the record of the two parties on a number of issues has been so confused that responsibility cannot be fixed on a clear partisan basis. And this aspect of the campaign has been complicated by the circumstance that the two Presidential candidates, as individuals, quite probably see eye to eye on a number of these issues, and in office would reach much the same decisions on them. Since both are fair-minded, they have naturally been reluctant to take positions which might yield some partisan advantage where each senses that he is in personal agreement with the other. Both men, for example, share much the same feelings and attitudes toward questions of racial discrimination—and neither has really taken issue with the other on this subject.

Another example: The polls show that foreign policy is regarded as a major issue by many voters. But foreign policy has not figured prominently as such in the campaign to date. The Republicans emphasize "peace" and "prosperity without war," but they have not raised specific problems. Nor has Mr. Stevenson. Thus far he has ventured only three concrete foreign-policy proposals — a willingness to consider an end to the draft, a proposed moratorium on further H-bomb tests and an unfortunate pot-shot at the role the President's brother played in influencing American policy toward Peron. None of these raises fundamental questions with the possible exception of the moratorium on bomb tests. Neither candidate has suggested that old-style international power politics cannot be reconciled with the conception of international relations embodied in the United Nations. Civil rights is another key issue on which neither candidate has had much to say that is relevant or adequate. Civil liberties, in the widest sense, constitutes still another major issue; but here a tacit bipartisan concordat has decreed that silence shall prevail.

As an aid to independent, liberal voters we present, on pages 319-325, thoughtful, reasoned statements on the four possible alternatives. Of the four, *The Nation's* editors can reject only one out of hand. Despite Dr. Du Bois' understandable dissatisfaction, the failure to mark a Presidential ballot this year is the least effective way of registering a protest (assuming that it is a protest that the voter wants to register) and reflects a belief—in this instance it is stated explicitly—that democracy is dead for the time being. It is our impression that democracy is anything but moribund in these United States — witness the profoundly stirring developments in the South today — and this despite the fact that some of the choices confronting voters are by no means ideal. For those who believe that only a Socialist program can provide answers to this country's pressing problems, "the lesser evil" argument is irrelevant. Even apart from this consideration, it can be argued that a vote for one of the Socialist parties is an effective means of registering a protest over the inadequacy of the campaign and the failure of the two major parties to present clear-cut alternatives. But the protest would not be meaningful. There is, at the moment, no Socialist movement in the United States. The three Socialist parties represent not new growths or developments, but dying sects.

AS TO *The Nation's* choice, we respect and admire both the President and Mr. Stevenson. We feel genuine gratitude to the President for a number of reasons: for his Supreme Court appointments, for one thing; for the initiative he has shown in relaxing domestic and international tensions, and for the manner in which he has attempted to revive the Republican Party as a modern, viable, responsible political instrument. Doubtless the death of Stalin did set in motion a chain of consequences which made the relaxation of international tensions possible, but the President's great prestige, both at home and abroad, and the strength and confidence with which he voiced this country's desire for peace has been an important factor.

The President has proven less successful in his attempts to refashion the Republican Party. At best he has succeded only in coercing it into a silent acceptance of certain phases of the New Deal welfare

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program as the price of his leadership. The party still has little to offer the independent voter in terms of leadership, program or performance. The President, trying to reform the GOP, has called for new leadership. Appeals have been addressed to new voters, independent voters, eggheads and others; but the response has not been impressive. Moreover, the President's ability to influence the Republican Party will be drastically reduced should he be re-elected, since he cannot serve a third term.

In addition, as we have pointed out in an earlier issue, the President acquiesced in the renomination of Vice President Nixon knowing that this would confront many voters, Republicans, Democrats and independent liberals, with a false alternative. Voters should not be asked to determine their choice for the Presidency on the basis of how they calculate the survival odds of a man in his late sixties who has suffered two serious illnesses. Vice President Nixon does not measure up to the Presidency. If the Republicans win, the nation will be united in a constant prayer that Eisenhower survive his term of office and, of course, well beyond. By staying away from the polls, or by voting for one of the Socialist parties, the voter fails to register a protest against Mr. Nixon's nomination or to take effective action to prevent his succeeding to the Presidency.

BUT THERE are other reasons for our preference for Stevenson and Kefauver. While we are disappointed in Mr. Stevenson's performance in this campaign, we do not judge him solely on the basis of what he has been currently saying and not saying. We judge him on the basis of two campaigns: what he said in 1952 and what he is saying in 1956. Essentially what he said in 1952 is not inconsistent with what he now says; the emphasis is different, but the man has not changed. Moreover, the nomination of Senator Kefauver has greatly strengthened the Democratic ticket.

There is another aspect to our preference. The Democratic Party emerged from this year's convention with the elements we admire least in it — principally the cold warriors and Dixiecrats — relegated to relatively minor roles. A political revolution is under way in the South which has already weakened and will further weaken the position of the Dixiecrats. The South may still be solidly Democratic, but it is not solidly Dixiecratic. Senator Kefauver, after all, is a Southerner, and his courageous campaign in Tennessee in 1954 is the best indication, perhaps, that a new element is emerging in the Southern wing of the party. Then, too, there is an important group of "middle" or "moderate" Southern Democrats, represented by Senators Hill, Sparkman and Fulbright. Nor does the Texas leadership quite fit the old Dixiecrat pattern. Both in the Senate and the House, the Democratic Party can marshal an impressive liberal bloc which may eventually win undisputed control of the party. In short, important changes are taking place inside the party. It would not be far-fetched to say that a new Democratic Party is emerging in California, based on the so-called "club movement" within the organization, which shows real vigor, independence and imagination. Somewhat similar developments may be noted in Michigan and Pennsylvania. If new style Democratic parties were finally to emerge in, say, five key states, the outlook for progressive politics nationally would be immensely improved.

As an instrumentality for effective political action, the Democratic Party has clear advantages over the GOP. Either it can itself ultimately become the instrument for effective political action or such an instrument will emerge from its ranks. The Democratic Party commands better talent, it has more vitality, its appeal is broader and the progressive elements within it have a much better chance of moving into positions of control than do the similar elements — there are a few such — in the Republican Party. The emerging of a real Democratic Party in Wisconsin, the movement of Non-Partisan League elements into the party in North Dakota, and recent developments in such states as Minnesota and Iowa hold promise of a new and stronger Democratic Party in the Middle West.

While our preference for Stevenson and Kefauver is not registered without some reservations — we continue to distrust the influence of cold warriors on the Democratic high command — it is made with the conviction that marking a ballot for them is the best choice to be made in this campaign.

Up the Creek With Chiang

AN unpublicized bit of first-rate political intelligence is the fact that an important section of the West Coast shipping industry strongly favors trade with China and is sharply critical of other aspects of American policy. In an editorial of January 30, 1956, *Pacific Shipper*, long the voice of the shipping interests centering in San Francisco, referred to resumption of trade in non-strategic goods with China as "a virtual certainty" not only because the pressures to restore China to the family of trading nations are mounting, but because the State Department and Congress have continued to resist these pressures for "unworthy reasons." It is absurd, the editorial pointed out, that Senator Knowland should dedicate American foreign policy in the Far East to the welfare of one man, Chiang Kai-shek — "a totalitarian dictator formerly in cahoots with the Communists." Later, on March 20, the journal explained the "nonsense" of our policy toward China:

> At bottom, the trouble is that the extremists have the Administration on the defensive, so that it has to lead

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from timidity rather than strength. . . . The professional anti-Communists in politics and communications (what a shabby lot they are, after all!) would have us believe that the shipment of a few pounds of copper or a barrel of gasoline from some friendly nation in Europe through the Iron Curtain works to the critical advantage of the Reds. A little trickle of goods, comparable in world commerce to what is smuggled through a naval blockade, is made to appear as something of great consequence, impressive to the uninformed. . . . What is needed is to defy the sensation-mongers and demagogues, to discard the Great Wall or Maginot Line approach to the anti-communism struggle; it is fanatical and illogical.

On April 30, *Pacific Shipper* called attention to:

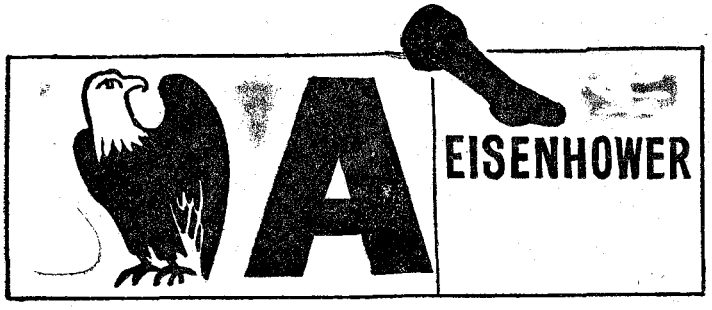
> . . . The foolishness of allowing a discredited dictator (and a man of past Communist leanings, to boot) to formulate our Far Eastern or at least our Chinese policy, and to keep us, for his own selfish reasons that he has never failed to serve in his own behalf, from trading with the Red puppets. Chiang Kai-shek does not want an internal revolt in China and reconciliation with the United States; he wants, or rather says he wants, to overthrow the Red regime. Why, he could not hold Formosa if it were not our shield. . . .
>
> Possibly America has gone too far up the creek with Chiang to cast him adrift now—although there should be a challenge of the methods by which this association, in its later stages, came about. . . .

On October 1, the same editor, taking notice of the statement in *Eisenhower, The Inside Story,* by Robert J. Donovan, that the President personally favors trade with China or at worst, is neutral, added this comment:

> . . . A great many persons in and out of office (possibly a majority of the informed electorate) actually want commerce with China restored, but they do not find it discreet to say so publicly. Many who are not as candid as we are cannot afford to be. Instead of talking up trade with China, they advocate improvement in trade with the "Far East." They call for "freer" trade without mentioning China, whose trade with America is shackled. It is in this atmosphere of restrained freedom of speech that characters like Alfred A. Kohlberg, self-styled leader of the China Lobby (actually the Chiang or Formosa Lobby) can conduct their devious activities. . . .

More recently, on September 10, in commenting on the unanimous resolution by Congress that Red China ought not to be recognized by this country or admitted to membership in the United Nations, the editor pointed out that the resolution was whipped through Congress "by a spurious representation of public opinion. . . . We are convinced that if there is not actually a majority of the electorate favoring trade relations with Peiping, there certainly is a large minority. . . . The weakness that the apparent unanimity cloaks would be utilized by the anti-Chinese bloc to freeze the policy forever . . . [but] forever is a long time."

Truth is always refreshing and never more so than when it deflates man-made fictions. Chiang's wondrous power to intimidate Washington rests on the delusion that any Administration that acknowledged it had been hoaxed by him would be punished by the people. Hence both parties rush unanimous resolutions through Congress to hide their bipartisan fear that the question of China might become an issue in the campaign. But the people have known for a long time that the emperor hasn't any clothes on; public acknowledgment of the fact would provoke only yawns and a chorus of "so-whats." The delusion that the people are deluded persists only because the press will not challenge it. Perhaps the hard sense voiced by *Pacific Shipper* will make the editors of our great dailies realize how far up the creek they have gone with Chiang. It's time they retreated — and our policy-makers with them — to the terra firma of fact and reality.



I'll Vote for EISENHOWER

by PALMER HOYT

Denver, Colorado

I FAVOR THE re-election of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of the United States. The whole record of his first Administration can be summarized in two words: "Constructive moderation." After twenty years of bold and frequently admirable innovation in public management, the country was ready for a calmer execution of accepted programs.

What are the really important aspects of national policy that should be given greatest weight in appraising what has happened since January, 1953? I suggest the following:

Item: The physical security of the United States. Just how well prepared we are against the eventuality of war is probably beyond general public comprehension. Many of the facts are necessarily classified. But on balance, who would challenge the President's qualifications as Commander-in-Chief? Who would be his superior in making judgments on military matters?

I believe that Mr. Eisenhower has made good use of the National Security Council. With the help of

PALMER HOYT is editor and publisher of the Denver Post.

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that body, he has steered a careful course between the awesome cost of modern defense and the reasonable capabilities of the country's economy. And meanwhile, he has also been a proven and convincing symbol to our potential enemies of American military firmness and competence. Furthermore, Mr. Eisenhower himself, in the Presidency, has been a not insignificant psychological weapon.

Item: The economic and fiscal stability of the nation. The President has laid a restraining hand on forces that would encumber the country with excessive government. I have not always agreed with that restraint, especially when it has appeared to have inhibited investments in the nation's internal development. But the President has reshuffled his thinking on that subject. At the same time, he has adhered to the soundest and the most courageous policies in protecting the value of the U. S. dollar, and in shaping tax and subsidy and spending policies to the grain of reason.

It is indisputable that the average American, whether individually or corporatively, has enjoyed substantial material benefits from this policy of "constructive moderation." The clear proof is found in figures on net take-home pay (after taxes and allowances for controlled inflation); in business income and in the confident expansion of American industry.

Item: The health, education and welfare of the people. President Eisenhower has not narrowed or shrunk the federal government's participation in social services. He has, on the other hand, enlarged it. But neither has he, by resort to threat or surrender to expediency, promised the pie-in-the-sky of compulsory federal-health insurance, extravagant minimum wages, panaceas in pensions, welfare, housing and education.

It may indeed be argued that the present Administration has not done all that it should have done to help wipe out slums or to relieve school congestion. But it may also be said that such a failure, if it be accepted as such, must be shared by local communites.

Americans are, by total number or on the average, the healthiest, best-housed and most widely schooled people in the world. The costs of catastrophic medical crises are being brought down by a phenomenal spread of privately financed prepaid medical-insurance programs. More people have enjoyed up-graded housing in the unparalleled home construction boom of recent years than in any previous four-year period of our history.

Those blessings are not attributable to the Eisenhower Administration alone, of course. But we believe that the President and those of his philosophical persuasion are adding to this evolutionary process with proper regard for the interrelated problems of cost and fair apportionment of responsibility under our free and federal system.

Item: The special problem of agriculture. Farming in the United States is undergoing great technological and scientific change. Accompanying that are new pressures of economic adjustment. Those pressures were relieved by the artificial circumstances of wartime demand. But those same pressures were not removed and were only intensified by ensuing peace, which arrived simultaneously with new peaks of productive capacity. Now Mr. Eisenhower is trying to help the free farmer make necessary adjustments without the entrapment of a costly and unworkable marriage with government bureaucracy.

The President is trying to untangle an economic snarl in agriculture which was partly a result of gross political cowardice in the past. And he is persisting in that awkward chore in the face of shameful demagoguery by some of his opponents.

Item: Civil rights and the interrelationships of people—by economic groups and by race. Mr. Eisenhower assumed office at a time when the American people were in an emotional storm over internal subversion. He rode out what was perilously close to a constitutional crisis over the force and effect of the Bill of Rights. The courts of the land have provided invaluable service in restoring perspectives of reason and fair play in the matter of individual rights. And if, at one time, loyalty and security procedures within the Executive branch were somewhat short of inspiring, they, too, have been slowly warped more to the pattern of American tradition and constitutional practice.

Again by the employment of "constructive moderation," Mr. Eisenhower has applied firm influence toward the equalizing of minority and majority rights and opportunities among the races. And he has done it without flamboyant political techniques.

The President has tried to hold the police powers of the state aloof from needless and often mischievous involvement in labor-management relations. He has not, at the same time, been party to undermining the reasonable legal rights or organizational strength of union labor. There is no evidence that organized labor has lost ground under the Eisenhower Administration. There is overwhelming evidence, on the other hand, that crippling strikes and work-stoppages have been reduced far below those of earlier years; that labor and management have negotiated progressively liberal agreements on wages, hours and fringe benefits; that labor-union strength, in numbers and maturity of outlook, has continued to improve and that raw class bitterness—once deliberately inflamed—has been steadily reduced.

Item: Foreign policy and international relations. Mr. Eisenhower assumed the Presidency following his role as top officer in the most complex politico-military alliance in modern times—the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. His prestige reached beyond Western Europe and behind the Iron Curtain. With that background, speaking and acting now as the head of the United States, he has communicated well this country's interest in the peaceful accommodations of the world's conflicts. And however annoying the mercurial globe-trotting of Mr. Eisenhower's Secretary of State may be to some people, the helpful effects of U. S. mediation should not be summarily dismissed.

It is true that the Soviet Union has made a dangerous economic penetration into the Arab world,

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riding the wave of resurgent nationalism from Gibraltar to the Persian Gulf. It is also true, however, that the avenue for that penetration was engineered long before Mr. Eisenhower became President; that the task of superimposing American leadership and solutions on that long-festering complex of British, French and Arab discord is one of incredible magnitude.

But no person well informed on the development of the Arab states and the extraordinary dilemma created by the presence of Israel among them, could soberly suggest a course of diplomatic or economic action for that theatre significantly different from that being pursued.

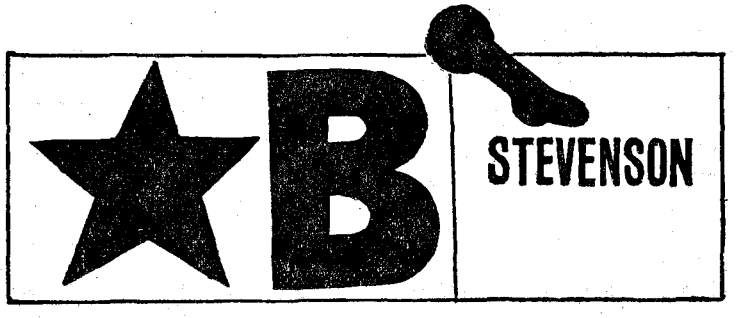
President Eisenhower, meanwhile, must deal realistically with the Congress and other reflections of U. S. public opinion in pressing programs of foreign economic aid. That, it seems to me, he has done—notwithstanding that important segments of his own party have been less than helpful in that endeavor.

Mr. Eisenhower has not, as charged, bankrupted American influence abroad. Much of whatever deterioration has taken place in our relations with peoples overseas has come as an inevitable consequence of their dependence upon American financial help in the rehabilitation of their countries. To blame Mr. Eisenhower for that, at the same time advocating a still greater outpouring of American wealth in the face of growing hostility for it at home and abroad, is nonsense.

Summary: The foregoing is an obvious assessment of only those aspects of Mr. Eisenhower's first term which I believe warrant his retention in the Presidency. His Administration has been marked by some bloopers, some miscalculations of public demand and need and not a few compromises arising from conflicts of purpose and philosophy within the President's party. That I acknowledge, and have said as much not a few times.

I believe the President is physically capable of carrying the burden without diluting the importance of the Presidency by arbitrarily transferring to others the constitutional functions that are his and his alone.

I believe that Richard Nixon has served well in his capacity as Vice President and that his campaign to date has shown a sober attempt on his part properly to interpret the accomplishments of the Administration.



I'll Vote for STEVENSON

by WILLIAM T. EVJUE

Madison, Wisconsin

WHEN Senator Estes Kefauver announced his withdrawal from contention for the Democratic Presidential nomination, *The Capital Times* immediately announced its support of a Stevenson-Kefauver ticket as the best means of rescuing the nation from the domination of General Motors.

The convention showed commendable wisdom in the nomination of Stevenson, but for an anxious time in the Vice-Presidential balloting it appeared to be about to demonstrate that the Democrats are constitutionally incapable of two wise decisions in succession.

If the convention had turned down Kefauver, it would have discarded its best opportunity to swing the Midwest farm states into the Democratic column—the states that made possible Harry Truman's election in 1948. For it is here in the Midwest that the baffling magic of the Kefauver appeal works its most remarkable wonders.

Exasperated Wisconsin Republicans will admit that Kefauver has an appeal to this state's farmers and Main Street business men that no other Democrat has. They don't know what it is, but it worries them. It is at Kefauver that the Wisconsin Republican politicians are aiming their fire in this campaign. They know that he attracts the serious and favorable attention of voters who are normally Republican.

In the Stevenson-Kefauver team the Democratic Party presents two names identified with the highest progressive principles in public life today. Here in Wisconsin we began to hear of Stevenson in the early days of his term as governor of our neighboring state of Illinois. It began to appear that there was "something unusual" in the state house at Springfield. There were reports of cleaning up and tightening up in a state administration which had undergone some sad experiences in corruption and general governmental slothfulness.

But it was not until the campaign of 1952 that the true gauge of this man could make itself known. Though he was required to carry the mistakes of the Democratic administrations of the past and to face one of the most popular war heroes of our history, Stevenson inspired

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WILLIAM T. EVJUE, militant publisher of the Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times, *was fighting Senator McCarthy on the latter's home grounds long before anti-McCarthyism became a popular national movement.*

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millions by his eloquent discussions of the problems that pressed for solution abroad and at home. He stood his ground to "talk sense" to the American people at a time when hysteria was so rampant that the Republican Party was travelling under the banners of McCarthyism; when Eisenhower could turn his back on his friend and benefactor, General Marshall, to appease the demagogue who had called Marshall a traitor.

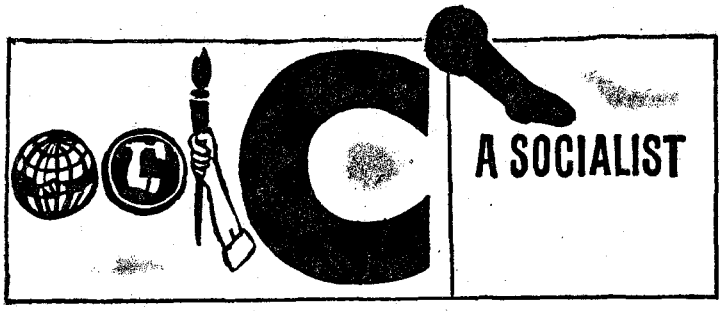
If the campaign of 1952 did not make Stevenson President, it did demonstrate to the world that a new and articulate spokesman for freedom and progress had come upon the American scene—one who could express in peacetime the ideals that Churchill expressed so well to rally the free world for its survival in the war. Twenty-seven million Americans heard that voice above the McCarthyites and the welcome to the military hero. It is now obvious that the nation is hearing better than it did four years ago.

We have had four years of big business in the White House and in Congress. Our offshore oil has been given away and the public domain pillaged. Profits of the big-food processors have hit all time highs, while the farmers are finding themselves in the same cost-price squeeze that hit them in the roaring '20s. Farm-mortgage debt stands almost where it was in 1923, when the farm economy went on one of its worst skids in history. The profits of big business boom. The banks and investment houses show new peak earnings while bankruptcies for small business are hitting new records.

Here in the Midwest there is more of a disposition to listen to someone who will "talk sense." The easy promises of Candidate Eisenhower at Kasson, Minnesota, in 1952 may have been forgotten by President Eisenhower, but they have not been forgotten by many of the farmers who have watched their prices slump to depression levels and their costs rise to boom heights. And while these farmers may sometimes indicate that they don't understand the somewhat detached way Adlai Stevenson is discussing what happened to them, there is little doubt that they understand what Senator Kefauver is saying about it.

There is a growing feeling that this country is heading for the same kind of a crack-up that came at the end of the '20s. The same lackadaisical attitude is evident in the White House that was there in the days of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover. The farmers sense it particularly, especially the young farmers who have gone into debt to begin their operations.

Stevenson and Kefauver represent the best chance to avoid a repetition of those days. If the apprehension of the farmers is felt by the merchants in the farm-trading centers, the traditional stronghold of Republicanism, there is going to be a new administration in Washington next January.



We'll Vote SOCIALIST

by LEO HUBERMAN AND PAUL M. SWEEZY

THE PROBLEM before us is not what it seems. It *appears* to be a choice between the Republicans with Ike or the Democrats with Stevenson. In reality, the problem is a different one. It is whether we stand for the preservation of capitalism in the United States or its replacement by socialism.

Since we are convinced believers in public ownership of the means of production with comprehensive planning for the benefit of the producers, we shall vote Socialist. As Socialists, we hold the following to be elementary truths:

1. There is no basic difference in attitude between the candidates of the major parties toward the system of private-property relations.

2. The choice of Republican X or Democrat Y is never a choice between a candidate on one side of the class war and a candidate on the other side.

3. To choose between Republican X and Democrat Y is merely to choose which particular representative of the capitalist class will help make the laws in the interest of that class.

We have no quarrel with those who are familiar with the arguments for socialism and remain unconvinced—and therefore vote for one of the capitalist candidates. Nor do we quarrel with the many who are uninformed about socialism and naturally fall into line behind either Eisenhower or Stevenson. But we do have a quarrel with convinced Socialists who, every four years, forget what they have learned and decide to vote for "the lesser evil."

As Socialists, committed to a philosophy which calls for a different system of private-property relations, they cannot in good conscience vote for a Democrat or a Republican. This is a principle which, it seems to us, they must firmly apply un-

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LEO HUBERMAN and PAUL M. SWEEZY, editors of the Monthly Review, *are among the foremost exponents of Socialist theory in America today.*

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less an extraordinary situation arises in which it can be conclusively demonstrated that one capitalist candidate spells disaster, the other spells hope. If that cannot be proven, then the "lesser evil" theory does not apply. Surely no one would argue that the 1956 election presents such an extraordinary situation?

On the key issue of foreign policy —how to live in peace and cooperation with the Socialist and economically underdeveloped worlds—neither party has taken an acceptable position. On the key domestic issue of equality for American citizens—the right of Negroes to attend unsegregated schools—both parties have straddled. It has become apparent even to the uninitiated in politics that there is little fundamental difference between the two parties. This is not an accident. Whatever differences may once have existed must fade away in the light of the problems that now face both Republicans and Democrats as representatives of the capitalist class. Their identical lines of action are *forced* on them by the historical situation.

Thus, the Democrats justly complain that, in regard to social welfare, the Republicans are stealing their stuff. Both Republicans and Democrats attempt to meet the farm problem through subsidies of one sort or another. To bolster up the economy the Republicans as well as the Democrats resort to government spending.

THE TRUTH is that whatever room for maneuver there once was has practically disappeared; both political parties must attempt to solve the long-term political problems that face our country in the same way —and both must fail in the end. They must fail because the problems of monopoly power and overproduction and imperialism are inherent in the capitalist system to which they cling. The long-term problems can be solved only through the introduction of those necessary changes in the social structure which spell socialism.

On this fundamental fact the three Socialist parties are in agreement. Each in its own way is against a society based on greed and anarchy; each is for a new society based on cooperation and planning. Under present circumstances, these agreements are far more important than the differences that divide them. In our view, therefore, it doesn't much matter whether you vote for Darlington Hoopes, candidate of the Socialist Party; Eric Hass, candidate of the Socialist Labor Party, or Farrell Dobbs, candidate of the Socialist Workers Party. What does matter is that you vote for one of them, *for* socialism and *against* capitalism.

What does matter is that you do not waste your vote—by voting for candidates who, whatever their other qualities, are wedded to a system which all Socialists know is the source of the greatest evils in the world. What does matter, from the standpoint of your own mental health at least, is that you vote for what you believe. For, as Debs put it, "It is far better to vote for what you want and not get it, than to vote for what you don't want and get it!"

We are not persuaded by the argument that we should give evidence of our disdain for both capitalist parties by staying away from the polls. The right to vote is precious; we are convinced that some day it will be used to make a better America. In the meantime it should be exercised in the most constructive way possible.

There will not be a large Socialist vote this year. But that doesn't mean that size is of no importance. In politics, everything must be judged relatively—in relation, that is to say, to its own past and its potential future. If this year's total Socialist vote is bigger than 1952's, that in itself will be a victory.

We do not believe that any of the existing Socialist parties can provide an adequate framework for the American Socialist movement of the future, nor do we pretend to know what shape that movement will assume. This is a time of reassessment, of new beginnings. During such a time, the most important things are clear-headedness, imagination, hope —and life itself. Nothing would prove more clearly that American socialism is still alive and able to grow than a total vote for the three Socialist candidates larger than even the most optimistic would dare to predict. We are certain that if all convinced Socialists voted for Socialist candidates, that proof would be forthcoming.

We are not impressed with the argument that since the Socialists can't win, we must be "practical" and vote for a candidate who has a chance. Today, when the Left is weak and crumbling, when only a fool thinks it can exert any significant influence on American politics, surely our only course is to do what we can do—to spread the gospel of socialism. What is more "practical" in an election campaign, or any other time, than giving to everyone we know the key to an understanding of our complex world?

HALF a century ago, in his short book *The Misery of Boots,* H. G. Wells answered the question still agitating Socialists today:

> What are we to do? Obviously to give our best energies to making other people Socialists, to organizing ourselves with all other Socialists, irrespective of class or the minor details of creed, and to making ourselves audible, visible, effectual as Socialists, wherever and whenever we can.
>
> We have to think about socialism, read about it, discuss it; so that we may be assured and clear and persuasive about it. We have to confess our faith openly and frequently. We must refuse to be called Liberal or Conservative, Republican or Democrat, or any of those ambiguous things. Everywhere we must make or join a Socialist organization, a club or association, or what not, so that we may "count." For us, as for the early Christians, preaching our gospel is the supreme duty. Until Socialists can be counted, and counted upon by the million, little will be done. When they are—a new world will be ours.

What Wells said in 1906 is even more true in the United States today. We must dedicate ourselves to the inspiring task of bringing about a genuine revival of Socialist thought and Socialist faith in a country that is fast losing the habit of thought, and is sadly in need of a faith.

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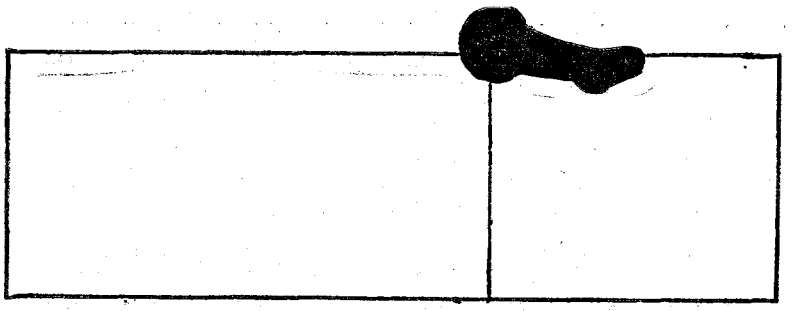

I WON'T VOTE

by W. E. B. Du BOIS

SINCE I was twenty-one in 1889, I have in theory followed the voting plan strongly advocated by Sidney Lens in *The Nation* of August 4, i.e., voting for a third party even when its chances were hopeless, if the main parties were unsatisfactory; or, in absence of a third choice, voting for the lesser of two evils. My action, however, had to be limited by the candidates' attitude toward Negroes. Of my adult life, I have spent twenty-three years living and teaching in the South, where my voting choice was not asked. I was disfranchised by law or administration. In the North I lived in all thirty-two years, covering eight Presidential elections. In 1912 I wanted to support Theodore Roosevelt, but his Bull Moose convention dodged the Negro problem and I tried to help elect Wilson as a liberal Southerner. Under Wilson came the worst attempt at Jim Crow legislation and discrimination in civil service that we had experienced since the Civil War. In 1916 I took Hughes as the lesser of two evils. He promised Negroes nothing and kept his word. In 1920, I supported Harding because of his promise to liberate Haiti. In 1924, I voted for La Follette, although I knew he could not be elected. In 1928, Negroes faced absolute dilemma. Neither Hoover nor Smith wanted the Negro vote and both publicly insulted us. I voted for Norman Thomas and the Socialists, although the Socialists had attempted to Jim Crow Negro members in the South. In 1932 I voted for Franklin Roosevelt, since Hoover was unthinkable and Roosevelt's attitude toward workers most realistic. I was again in the South from 1934 until 1944. Here again I did not vote. Technically I could vote, but the election in which I could vote was a farce. The real election was the White Primary.

Retired "for age" in 1944, I returned to the North and found a party to my liking. In 1948, I voted the Progressive ticket for Henry Wallace and in 1952 for Vincent Hallinan.

In 1956, I shall not go to the polls. I have not registered. I believe that democracy has so far disappeared in the United States that no "two evils" exist. There is but one evil party with two names, and it will be elected despite all I can do or say. There is no third party. On the Presidential ballot in a few states (seventeen in 1952), a "Socialist" Party will appear. Few will hear its appeal because it will have almost no opportunity to take part in the campaign and explain its platform. If a voter organizes or advocates a real third-party movement, he may be accused of seeking to overthrow this government by "force and violence." Anything he advocates by way of significant reform will be called "Communist" and will of necessity be Communist in the sense that it must advocate such things as government ownership of the means of production; government in business; the limitation of private profit; social medicine, government housing and federal aid to education; the total abolition of race bias; and the welfare state. These things are on every Communist program; these things are the aim of socialism. Any American who advocates them today, no matter how sincerely, stands in danger of losing his job, surrendering his social status and perhaps landing in jail. The witnesses against him may be liars or insane or criminals. These witnesses need give no proof for their charges and may not even be known or appear in person. They may be in the pay of the United States Government. A.D.A.'s and "Liberals" are not third parties; they seek to act as tails to kites. But since the kites are self-propelled and radar-controlled, tails are quite superfluous and rather silly.

The present Administration is carrying on the greatest preparation for war in the history of mankind. Stevenson promises to maintain or increase this effort. The weight of our taxation is unbearable and rests mainly and deliberately on the poor. This Administration is dominated and directed by wealth and for the accumulation of wealth. It runs smoothly like a well-organized industry and *should* do so because industry runs it for the benefit of industry. Corporate wealth profits as never before in history. We turn over the national resources to private profit and have few funds left for education, health or housing. Our crime, especially juvenile crime, is increasing. Its increase is perfectly logical; for a generation we have been teaching our youth to kill, destroy, steal and rape in war; what can we expect in peace? We let men take wealth which is not theirs; if the seizure is "legal" we call it high profits and the profiteers help decide what is legal. If the theft is "illegal" the thief can fight it out in court, with excellent chances to win if he receives the accolade of the right newspapers. Gambling in home, church and on the stock market is increasing and all prices are rising. It costs three times his salary to elect a Senator and many millions to elect a President. This money comes from the very cor-

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porations which today are the government. This in a real democracy would be enough to turn the party responsible out of power. Yet this we cannot do.

The "other" party has surrendered all party differences in foreign affairs, and foreign affairs are our most important affairs today and take most of our taxes. Even in domestic affairs how does Stevenson differ from Eisenhower? He uses better English than Dulles, thank God! He has a sly humor, where Eisenhower has none. Beyond this Stevenson stands on the race question in the South not far from where his grandfather Adlai stood sixty-three years ago, which reconciles him to the South. He has no clear policy on war or preparation for war; on water and flood control; on reduction of taxation; on the welfare state. He wavers on civil rights and his party blocked civil rights in the Senate until Douglas of Illinois admitted that the Democratic Senate would and could stop even the right of Senators to vote. Douglas had a right to complain. Three million voters sent him to the Senate to speak for them. His voice was drowned and his vote nullified by Eastland, the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, who was elected by 151,000 voters. This is the democracy in the United States which we peddle abroad.

Negroes hope to muster 400,000 votes in 1956. Where will they cast them? What have the Republicans done to enforce the education decision of the Supreme Court? What they advertised as fair employment was exactly nothing, and Nixon was just the man to explain it. What has the Administration done to rescue Negro workers, the most impoverished group in the nation, half of whom receive less than half the median wage of the nation, while the nation sends billions abroad to protect oil investments and help employ slave labor in the Union of South Africa and the Rhodesias? Very well, and will the party of Talmadge, Eastland and Ellender do better than the Republicans if the Negroes return them to office?

I have no advice for others in this election. Are you voting Democratic? Well and good; all I ask is why? Are you voting for Eisenhower and his smooth team of bright ghost writers? Again, why? Will your helpless vote either way support or restore democracy to America?

Is the refusal to vote in this phony election a counsel of despair? No, it is dogged hope. It is hope that if twenty-five million voters refrain from voting in 1956 of their own accord and not because of a sly wink from Khrushchev, this might make the American people ask how much longer this dumb farce can proceed without even a whimper of protest. Yet if we protest, off the nation goes to Russia and China. Fifty-five American ministers and philanthropists are asking the Soviet Union "to face manfully the doubts and promptings of their conscience." Can not these do-gooders face their own consciences? Can they not see that American culture is rotting away: our honesty; our human sympathy; our literature, save what we import from abroad? Our only "review" of literature has wisely dropped "literature" from its name. Our manners are gone and the one thing we want is to be rich—to show off. Success is measured by income. University education is for income, not culture, and is partially supported by private industry. We are not training poets or musicians, but atomic engineers. Business is built on successful lying called advertising. We want money in vast amount, no matter how we get it. So we have it, and what then?

Is the answer the election of 1956? We can make a sick man President and set him to a job which would strain a man in robust health. So he dies, and what do we get to lead us? With Stevenson and Nixon, with Eisenhower and Eastland, we remain in the same mess. I will be no party to it and that will make little difference. You will take large part and bravely march to the polls, and that also will make no difference. Stop running Russia and giving Chinese advice when we cannot rule ourselves decently. Stop yelling about a democracy we do not have. Democracy is dead in the United States. Yet there is still nothing to replace real democracy. Drop the chains, then, that bind our brains. Drive the money-changers from the seats of the Cabinet and the halls of Congress. Call back some faint spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln, and when again we can hold a fair election on real issues, let's vote, and not till then. Is this impossible? Then democracy in America is impossible.

Dream of Empire . . by ALEXANDER WERTH

Rabat, Morocco

MOROCCO IS THE Far West of the Arab world. To come here from Tunisia is to realize at once that it is rash and dangerous to generalize about this "Arab world." Naturally, the two countries have much in common; and yet they are extraordinarily different. The Tunisians are mild, gentle, "Southern" and "Mediterranean" in temperament, with a large Westernized élite; Morocco is a land of strong and hard men, with violent political passions and with sharp hatreds — a land full of human dynamite. The Tunisian is subtle and reasonable; the Moroccan tends to be reckless, arrogant and to "talk big." As distinct from Tunisia, independence has gone to Morocco's head. If you mention this difference to a Moroccan, he will say that Tunisia is a weak and poor country, whereas Morocco

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has all the makings of a Great Empire, that it's enormously rich, and that "the world will have to reckon with Morocco." There is more sympathy for Nasser in Morocco than in Tunisia, but, at the same time, the feeling that if, internationally, Egypt is important today, Morocco is potentially more important still.

The Arab press here is full of grandiose plans for a Greater Morocco. This does not only mean that the three zones of the country (French, Spanish and Tangier) are already practically reunited under His Majesty the Sultan Sidi Mohammed Ben Yussef, but that the whole of Mauretania and other vast territories (now ranking as French and Spanish colonies) to the south of the present Morocco, and stretching all the way to the Niger, must, before long, be included in the New Morocco.

On the quiet, needless to say, many Moroccans also believe that some sort of "federation" with Algeria (after the French have given up fighting there) will add still further to their country's greatness.

NOWHERE are the results of a foolish French colonial policy more apparent than here. By deposing the Sultan in 1953 and by being forced to bring him back two years later, the French have "lost face" here more than anywhere else in the Arab world. Their one hope today is that the Sultan will be "reasonable," and will not give way to the clamor of the Morocco nationalists in favor of scrapping "the last vestiges of the Protectorate" — by which are meant: (a) the presence of 90,000 French troops in Morocco (b) the presence of some 30,000 French officials and (c) the moth-eaten treaty of Algeciras of 1906 which, with its "open door" policy, makes it impossible for Morocco to have an industrial and foreign-trade policy of its own making.

It must be said that the French have done more for Morocco in forty years than they have done for Algeria in 125. Its industrial development is more advanced; its cities — like Casablanca and Rabat — are more impressive and spectacular (Casablanca alone has now a population of nearly 800,000) and the country has an admirable network of roads, railways, etc. But schools, hospitals and irrigation are still insufficient.

Until only a few years ago, this country was the Eldorado of old-time capitalism; but the creation of a vast and underpaid urban proletariat marked the beginning of the undoing of French capitalism, all the more so as this proletariat formed part of the great nationalist upsurge in the country — an upsurge led by the Istiqlal party.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that the French diehards, who tried to put the clock back in 1952, should have started by trying to stamp out trade unionism in the Casablanca massacres of December 1952; by striking at trade unionism, the French were determined also to strike down the Istiqlal and, after that, the Sultan himself — the great symbol of Morocco's "nationhood." This crazy scheme, though carried out in 1952 and 1953, failed in the end, as it was bound to fail. The Sultan is back on the throne; and the Istiqlal and the trade unions (both duly restored) now claim to represent "all the live and vital forces of the nation."

No man here impressed me more than the Secretary-General of the U.M.T. (*Union Marocaine des Travailleurs*), the great Moroccan trade-union federation. Majhoub Ben Seddik, who was head of the railwaymen's trade union in 1952, spent years in French jails and was beaten and tortured; one of his hands is deformed today as a result. A man of about thirty-five, self-taught, sparkling with intelligence and a caustic sense of humor, he has naturally no love for the "colonialists." "Morocco," he said, "has all the makings of a Laborite state. In our trade-union federation we have now 600,000 members. The adaptability of the Moroccan people to the new conditions of independence is quite amazing; in the last few years their social consciousness has grown to quite an astonishing degree. Every Moroccan worker in this city of Casablanca, no matter how poor and downtrodden he may still be, knows exactly what's what, and we have, in the last two years, made tremendous progress even in the Berber south, in places like Marrakesh, until recently strongholds of ignorance and feudalism. You just go to Marrakesh and look round: you wouldn't recognize the people."

I HAVEN'T had time to go to Marrakesh, but what I saw in Casablanca and Rabat was illuminating enough. Practically all the government offices at Rabat are now flying the Moroccan flag; the Moroccans are proud and rather arrogant, and the French officials are on the defensive and invariably apologetic about "the awful mistake" that was made in August, 1953. As a result of the deposition of the Sultan, Morocco has gained in three years a degree of independence which she could not otherwise hope to have gained in twenty years.

But to the Istiqlal and the Moroccan trade unions the present independence is not enough. Far too much is still spent by the Moroccan state on the army of 30,000 highly-paid French officials. "No, no," said Seddik, "We can't afford to keep these people in clover — two or three cars, villas, ten servants, colonial bonuses and even — if you please — insecurity bonuses, three months' holiday in France and what-not — why should *we* pay for all this?"

And he went on: "What is absolutely essential in Morocco today is a regime of austerity. We must cut down drastically on all administrative expenditure — which uses up 60 per cent of our budget — and concentrate on constructive investments. We must have an Economic Plan, a Land Reform, the confiscation of all feudal property — the property of the caids and pashas, who own thousands of acres of the best land, which they grabbed on false pretenses. We shall gladly employ French officials and technicians whom we really *need*, but even these will have to be paid at a lower Moroccan rate, and not at the high French 'colonial' rate. We must also make sure that foreign companies reinvest some of their profits in Morocco. The treaty of Algeciras, with its 'open door,' must go, because it's paralyzing the de-

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velopment of Moroccan industries. Mind you, we are perfectly willing to see foreign industrialists stay in Morocco, provided they also contribute to our battle for a higher standard of living."

Above Seddik's desk was a framed picture of the Sultan. The Sultan is today accepted as Morocco's national hero by everybody and as the supreme arbiter, and even the trade-union leader spoke of His Majesty with a show of extraordinary warmth and reverence. The truth, of course, is that every faction in Morocco is trying to win the Sultan over to its side. The Istiqlal at its recent Congress (and fully supported by the trade unions and by the main Moroccan resistance organizations) are clamoring for a formation of a "homogeneous government" with a far-reaching economic and political program rather on the lines of Seddik's statement to me. And the Istiqlal threatened to withdraw its ministers from the present government if the Sultan did not agree.

Since then, tortuous discussions have been going on at the Palace at Rabat. The "Independents" and the "Democratic Independence Party," who form part of the present government coalition, have been stridently protesting against the establishment of what they call an "Istiqlal dictatorship"; the Istiqlal, on the other hand, is denouncing these parties as so many supporters of the old feudal order and as so many "French stooges." The Sultan himself, though sympathetic in the past to the Istiqlal's nationalism and anti-French propaganda, appears somewhat scared of the revolutionary nature of the social reforms now advocated by the party and the trade unions; but, at the same time, he knows that Morocco cannot be governed any more *against* these two immense popular forces; and he knows that if he opposes them too openly, he may lose his popularity among the bulk of the Moroccan people. Meantime, however, the enemies of the Istiqlal are trying to work up agitation among the more backward and "feudal" populations.

All the same, there is danger of a major clash developing between the Istiqlal and the trade unions on the one hand, and the conservative elements of the country on the other. The numbers, it is true, are on the side of the progressive forces—but the Sultan is faced with an extraordinarily hard choice; if he makes the wrong one, the result may be civil war and revolution. For the present, he is playing for time and preaching "national unity"; but the Istiqlal argues that the national revolution having been completed, the time is now ripe for a social and economic revolution. Will this revolution be peaceful or violent? That's the No. 1 problem in Morocco today.

SPIT IN THE DEVIL'S EYE

A Southern Heretic Speaks . . by SARAH PATTON BOYLE

About the author of this article:

One of the most ardent workers for desegregation in Charlottesville is a University of Virginia faculty wife named Sarah Patton Boyle. . . . The Yankee visitor was sitting in his hotel room when the telephone rang and a pleasant voice said: "This is Mrs. Boyle. I just thought you'd want to know, there was a big cross burning out in the yard here tonight. Son took some pictures of it . . ."

—*Dan Wakefield in* The Nation, *September 15.*

Charlottesville, Va.

I AM A WHITE Southerner who crusades for acceptance of colored citizens. Living in one of the five states sworn to resist integration at any cost, I'm roundly hated by some people, solidly disapproved of by many and supported by very few. I would have been a fool not to expect this when I resolved to brandish my banner — and I did. Beyond that, I was prepared for almost nothing that happened to me.

In the light of the experience of others, I expected to receive many threats. My psychological factory probably could convert these into stimulation, I thought. Timidity being unpopular in my family, I was raised to feel that even looming danger isn't the least imminent, and I characteristically trip with gay stupidity to the dentist's chair — to meet each onslaught of his buzzer with incredulity. Therefore, I concluded, a deluge of threats probably would challenge rather than terrify me. I felt disgustingly secure.

But with superhuman cunning, evil refrained from attacking me in a form which I was qualified to use constructively. Unless one interprets as a threat (which I didn't) the six-foot cross which was burned a slipper's toss from my bedroom window, in half-a-dozen years of crusading I've only once been threatened with bodily harm — when a locally postmarked letter warned that if I didn't shut up, my house might be bombed. (I didn't shut up, and here sits the house.)

The deluge which actually descended was one for which I was not psychologically prepared. It consisted of contemptuous jeers and obscene insults. Raised in a country home, the daughter and granddaughter of Episcopal ministers, my gutter vocabulary has been so neglected that much that's said to me by letter and on the telephone I can grasp only through its context. To say I was aghast is to use insipid language.

Moreover, it hadn't occurred to me that my motivation might be misinterpreted. I expected to be called a sentimentalist, an impractical idealist and even a crackpot. But I wasn't prepared for accusations that I am a paid agent of Communists, that I am bribed by

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the NAACP to tell lies, that I oppose the status quo because of a perverted passion for publicity, and — hardly least — that I long for integration because of a psychopathic yearning for the special pornographic skills of black men. As I've firmly turned the corner of my first half century, the latter bit of biological warfare on me is the more amazing.

Once I fondly imagined that the long residence of my forebears in Virginia would move fellow Southerners to the admission that I had some right to speak in favor of changing customs. "Nobody on earth can call me a Yankee," I told myself smugly.

I was soon wishing that they could. Not only is it more comfortable to be resented as a meddling outsider than to be despised as a traitor, but also if segregationists can disqualify you merely by calling you a Yankee, they need go no further, and — their own estimation to the contrary — this is not universally regarded as a disgrace. But a dyed-in-the-wool Southerner can be disqualified only through defamation of character.

Another early illusion, soon to be dispelled, was that quarter would be given for maintaining a gentle, reasonable approach. I assumed (Jesus' own experience to the contrary) that when you turn the other cheek, nobody actually hauls off and slugs it. I have approximately two splintered jaw bones to show for this conviction.

I ENTERED the struggle with not one ray of malice toward, or contempt for, any one. I still have none. I understand well that the segregation pattern is taken firmly for granted by many white and some colored Southerners who sincerely believe that no good can come to any one through integration. I therefore seek to help them to understand the need for integration, rather than to attack them for opposing it. Yet they could not feel toward me much more bitterly if my public utterances were vindictive condemnations. Discovery of the explanation of this was one of the greatest of my many shocks.

Woodcut by David Shapiro

It's simply that so fixed is their conviction that integration can bring only degradation that they find it impossible to believe that any one who defends it is not either utterly ignorant of conditions or completely evil. The native Southerner is not adjudged to be ignorant. Looking into the eyes of staunch segregationists, I usually see not respectful hostility, but incredulous contempt. The names they call me are not merely empty insults, but are rather accurate descriptions of what they really think of me. Dressed for this contest in the highest principles I know, I wasn't prepared for eyes which could see me garbed only in filthy rags.

Nor did my surprises end with those outlined above.

A year and a half ago the *Saturday Evening Post* featured one of my articles on integration. It was an attempt to show through statistics and little publicized facts that Southerners are readier for integration than they think — a contention which I still maintain. Because the background of the article was Charlottesville, I expected a wide local reading. But I didn't expect that twenty-four hours after it appeared, nearly every retail dealer, delivery boy, store and postal clerk, taxi driver and shoe repair man I knew would regard me with hardened and disillusioned eyes. Overnight my little daily contacts became chill.

Did I have a similar experience in my own social group? Not at first. For two days I received a stream of telephone calls telling me how true my statements were, and how much they needed stating. Acquaintances stopped me on the street with similar comments. Surrounded by this warmth, I could be philosophical about the few who looked straight through me — taking care that I should know their action was deliberate.

But the wave of approbation, I soon learned with a sickening thud, was individual reaction. It reflected merely how each person felt as he read the article in his own home. Group reaction, however, like mob psychology, is not merely the sum of individual reaction. As attacks on the article started in the newspapers, as enthusiastic supporters were wet-blanketed by those who claimed the facts I reported were half tommy-rot and half lies, the warm social pond in which I bathed suddenly froze. Some of the same people who had clapped loudly at first now let me know from behind stiffened faces that, after all, they did disagree with me sharply on some points.

SILENCE began to obtrude itself into all my social contacts except my closest friendships. The topic of integration was taboo if I was near. Though I was violently attacked almost daily in the press, no one referred to it. This was probably thought tactful, but I felt cut off. I never knew whether the person I was talking to agreed with me or with my attackers. The reticence was like a soundproof wall. Real communication ended. I began to

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welcome unpleasant telephone calls — pleasant ones had ceased — as at least a genuine form of human contact.

Yet, curiously, it isn't heartache which brings you closest to internal defeat as Southern tensions heighten. It's fatigue. You feel as if you've run too hard and long to catch a bus, or that it's four o'clock on a day when you forgot to eat lunch. It's almost as though, without knowing it, you had been invisibly connected with other people, drawing from them nourishment, comfort and strength. Now the unseen connections are severed. And a puny thing you are when separated from the rest.

YOUR isolation is not so much the direct result of enemy action as of the fact that when you travel this road your experiences are shared by fewer and fewer people, until at last there's no one to whom you can make yourself understood. For words communicate only so far as they serve to remind friends of experiences and sensations of their own that resemble those which you recount. No more than you can share through description a sunset with a man blind from birth, can you share with another an experience which doesn't resemble any he has known.

And those who would like to give you moral support are quite helpless with no rules to guide them. If you lost a member of your family, anybody with a desire to help would know what he should do. Where his own experience failed, established custom would guide him. But books of etiquette lack rules for comforting those attacked for their principles.

Where can one learn that if a cross is burned for you, and it is "tactfully" ignored, you feel as if you have some unmentionable disease? Where can one learn that if you're publicly attacked and friends are silent, there builds up in your subconscious mind the conviction that you are utterly alone — even though you positively know better?

Because the Southern press blazes away in headlines and editorials which proclaim the successes and opinions of segregationists, with only parenthetical or derisive mention of those who disagree; because your side is cautious and silent while the opposition is stridently vocal; because your attackers hammer away; for all these reasons, if your friends are silent, you hear only evil.

Something similar to Russian brain-washing of prisoners takes place inevitably in your consciousness. Day after day, week after week, month after month, you are told that you're a fool, a blackguard, a worker of evil. In the press, on the telephone, in your mail box, the same refrain beats on, like water dripping on the granite of your convictions: You're wrong, *you're wrong,* you're wrong, YOU'RE WRONG!

Friends tell you that they wanted to call you but knew you were busy and didn't like to interrupt; others that they meant to write but didn't get to it. But Mrs. Opposition didn't mind interrupting, and Mr. Opposition got to it. And the drip-drip-drip goes on and on. Slowly, like creeping paralysis, you find yourself losing confidence.

You find yourself developing a brand of schizophrenia. There is an ever-increasing cleavage between what you think and what you feel. You *know* that much progress has been made, yet you *feel* that there's just no use carrying the banner any more. You know that justice moves irresistibly to eventual triumph, yet you feel that only evil and ugliness have stout roots. You know you are right, yet building up in you is an enormous sense of guilt. This is your final, sickening surprise.

FROM BIRTH, good Americans are assured that if they are well-behaved, are kind, honest and industrious, they will inevitably be rewarded by social approval. Naturally, when you are publicly attacked, they — including you — are filled with the unformulated suspicion that you got what you somehow deserved.

Is a Southern crusader for the rights of man doomed to eventual breakdown? Many seem to think so, for the rate of retirement in this field of activity must approach the record. Watching, Southern Negroes have grown cynical about the short-lived efforts of the white liberal — thus adding the minority's mistrust to his other pressures.

But I think I've rediscovered a way for you to keep your sanity and still crusade. It's simply meekly to accept "out-moded theology." With its able aid your psychological factory can convert pressure, pain and disillusionment into power to persist. Our modern view of the world, I now think, is the outgrowth of soft lives. In hand-to-hand combat with raw evil this sensible view seems less realistic.

When the smell, taste, sound and touch of evil are a nightmare against which you constantly struggle, the personification of evil is an intelligent device. In facing evil squarely and calling it the Devil, some of your horrid helplessness before its magnitude departs. Then, too, you find yourself more able to be dazzled into spontaneous worship by the glory of evil's opposite, the shining purity of love.

Years ago, on seeing the title of an article, "Humanitarianism Is Not Enough," I recall thinking, "How could that be?" I wouldn't ask myself that question now. When evils swarm you like a mob of maniacs you know that you must have both Something and Someone to worship, or perish.

Against a background of accusing enemies and silent friends, I hungrily reclaim the "morbid" doctrine that unearned suffering is redemptive, and that only the patient pain of the innocent can dissolve some human sins. It's the futility of pain which drains the heart, I find. Believe that pain has purpose, and new power stiffens your weary spine. The early Christians went singing to ugly deaths. The Southern crusader, too, has need of forgotten virile Christian truths.

So I shan't break down, and I shan't retire. For I shall refresh myself by looking at a sparkling, ethereal King, and I shall know an easier yoke and a lighter burden, and I shall learn to say, "Forgive them, Father," and — after taking practiced, careful aim — I shall spit in the Devil's eye.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Neuroses of Conquest

PROSPERO AND CALIBAN. The Psychology of Colonization. By O. Mannoni. Frederick A. Praeger. $4.25.

By Richard Wright

AS THE TIDE of white domination of Asia and Africa recedes, there lies exposed to view a procession of shattered cultures, disintegrated societies, and a writhing sweep of more aggressive religion than the world has known for centuries. And, as scientific research, free of the blight of colonial control, advances, we are witnessing the rise of a new genre of academic literature dealing with colonial and post-colonial facts from a wider angle of vision than was ever possible before. The personality distortions of hundreds of millions of black, brown, yellow *and* white people that are being revealed by this literature are confounding and will necessitate drastic alteration of our past evaluations of colonial rule.

O. Mannoni's *Prospero and Caliban* (first published in Paris in 1950 under the title: *Psychologie de la Colonisation)* is a prime model of this new literature which is destined to modify the attitude of white men toward themselves. (See also Hannah Arendt's *The Burden of Our Time,* and Gunnar Myrdal's *An International Economy.)* In Mannoni's terse, academic pages one enters a universe of menacing shadows where disparate images coalesce—white turning into black, the dead coming to life, the top becoming the bottom —until you think you are seeing Biblical beasts with seven heads and ten horns rising out of the sea. Imperialism turns out to have been much more morally foul than even Marx and Lenin imagined!

Employing psychoanalytic concepts and restricting his study to the last fifty years of French rule in Madagascar, Mannoni deliberately ignores economic and political factors in order to concentrate upon the fateful subjective emotional relationship of Frenchmen and Madagascar natives. He shows how the colonial and his victim emotionally complemented each other until—out of mutual frustration—political violence, nationalism and revolution resulted. Deep psychological compulsions drove the Europeans toward the native, and equally deep psychological compulsions prompted temporary native compliance.

WHAT IS the gist of Mannoni's concept? Well, let's imagine a flying saucer from Mars landing, say, in a Swiss peasant village and debouching swarms of fierce looking men whose skins are blue and whose red eyes flash lightning bolts that deal instant death. The inhabitants are all the more terrified because the arrival of these men has been predicted. (The Second Coming of Christ, the Last Judgment, etc.) Hence, they feel that all real opposition is useless. Yet these blue strangers are casually kind as long as they are obeyed and served.

Is this a fragment of paperback science fiction? No; it's more prosaic than that. The religious myths of the Western world have conditioned us for just such an improbable event. Similarly, the legends and religions of Asia and Africa and the New World Indians had prepared hundreds of millions for the arrival of the white man. (Recall the Cortés-Montezuma drama, among others.)

But what of the attitude of the arriving stranger, be he blue or white? Why has he come? Does he want gold, women, power? It is here that Mannoni's volume can help us, for he contends that the neurotic, restless Europeans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, sick of their thwarted instincts, were looking not only for spices and gold and slaves when they set out, but for a world peopled by shadow men that would permit free play for their repressed instincts. Stripped of tradition, these misfits, adventurers, indentured servants and convicts were the most advanced individualists of their time. Buttressed by the ideas of Hume and Descartes, they had become emotionally independent and could doff cloying ties of family. The Asian-African native, anchored in family-dependence systems of life, could not imagine why these men left their homelands.

Living in a waking dream, generations of emotionally impoverished colonial European whites wallowed in the quick gratification of greed, reveled in the cheap superiority of racial dominance, slaked their sensual thirst in illicit sexuality, drain-

RICHARD WRIGHT, novelist and journalist, now lives and works in Paris. His The Color Curtain, *a report on the Bandung Conference, was published earlier this year.*

FALL BOOK ISSUE: *November 10*

The Present Literary Warfare *by Maxwell Geismar*

The Poet and the Copywriter *by Howard Nemerov*

The American Short Story *by Frank O'Connor*

Gordon Craig and Robert Edmond Jones *by Francis Fergusson*

Other essay and reviews *by Kenneth Rexroth, Walter Allen, Katherine Hoskins, Harold Clurman, Geoffrey Barraclough, Lawrence Lipton, Herbert Gold.*

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ing off their dammed up and condemned libido. Asia and Africa thus became a neurotic habit that Europeans could forego only at the cost of a powerful psyche wound. Emotionally crippled Europe grew used to leaning upon this crutch of black, brown and yellow people.

BUT what of the impact of these neurotic white faces upon the personality of the native? Steeped in dependence and anchored in ancestor-worshiping religion, the native is disposed to identify the powerful white faces falling athwart his life with the potency of his dead father who had sustained him in the past. Accepting the invasion, he transfers his loyalties to those faces; but the whites, because of the psychological, racial and economic luxury derived from domination, keep aloof. An agony is induced in the native heart, trying to live under a white ruler that mocks it. The more Westernized that heart becomes, the more anti-Western it has to be, for it is now weighing and judging itself in terms of (white) Western values that make it feel degraded. Vainly attempting to embrace the world of white faces that rejects it, it recoils and seeks refuge in the ruins of moldering tradition. But it's too late; it finds haven in neither. This is the psychological stance of the populations of present-day Asia and Africa; this is the revolution that the white man cast into the world and it is before this revolution (a large part of which the Communists have already successfully captured) that he stands paralyzed with fear. Mannoni ought to know; he is a former colonial administrator.

Mannoni's important book is biased, and that, perhaps, is as it had to be. Two-thirds of it, devoted to the personality of the Madagascar native, creates the impression that Mannoni is convinced that those natives are somehow the White Man's Burden. Well, maybe the other side of the coin will some day be described by black, brown and yellow men who are psychologically free enough to explain how the emotionally disturbing white faces roused them and sent them hurtling toward emotional horizons as yet distant and dim.

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Courage and Personality

BEOWULF. By Bryher. Pantheon Books. $2.75.
FIVE A. M. By Jean Dutourd. Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

By Dachine Rainer

THESE two books comprise a mid-twentieth century Everyman Compendium, Gallic and Anglo editions. Of the two, Bryher's *Beowulf,* set in London during the blitz, and deriving its title from a hideous plaster bulldog, a symbol-once-removed of the Ur Beowulf, is the better book, but Jean Dutourd's *Five A. M.,* a manuscript purportedly the work of a brooding insomniac, who between the hours of five and six A. M. recapitulates his mundane, neurotic existence with an embarrassing lack of reserve, is the more ambitious.

Beowulf is meant to define the heroic character of the English people. My own rather depressing feeling is that courage, when accompanied by an absence of the imagination (and one need think only of the quality of the response by M. Dutourd's hero to the suspicion that his death is imminent) is no longer a heroic phenomenon, but something entirely different: foolhardiness? perhaps; lack of awareness? to some extent; an unconscious or deliberate blunting of one's sensitivity? very likely; and most certainly, an acceptance of fate. If one wants to define courage as an assertion of the life principle that sustains the ordinary individual in an extreme situation—in this case the group of people around a little London tea shoppe during the Blitz —I suppose one may; I prefer to reserve the word for extraordinary, unique behavior. Rushing into a burning house to save an old gentleman is heroic, but enduring bombings and fires is simply dogged. The bull dog survives the holocaust, thereby illustrating the durability of Britons, but after all Beowulf is made of plaster. Genuine courage consists in the ability to be overwhelmingly disconcerted by the possibility of one's own death, nevertheless willing to incur it if necessary. The sort of "courage" Bryher presents may define the durability of the species; it explains nothing at all of the individual.

Five A. M. finds the hero, a simple bank clerk, unrelievedly tearing his soul to tatters, examining with a minuteness, a morbidity, and a total lack of restraint his affairs from sex

DACHINE RAINER, novelist and poet, is the author of "A Room at the Inn," the first published section of a long work. She appears in W. H. Auden's forthcoming Criterion Book of Modern American Verse.

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to economics. Actually, the range is not very wide, the repetitions suggest that great tour de force by Dostoevski: *Notes From Underground,* whose hero is also a simple public servant, poor, overburdened by anxieties, impossibly neurotic about women, and — although neither author concedes it—an intellectual. For the French writer, as it was earlier for the Russian, the common man is like himself: a paralyzed Hamlet and, above all, an individual. Bryher sees the common man as a collectivity. It is this cultural distinction that helps interpret the doggedly embattled Britons, and the dismayed, terrified and scattering individuals of the French army in the Second World War.

Dutourd's self-examination, however deviating from sensible reflection, is astute and scrupulous in a way in which the "ordinary" man seldom is. (Certainly, one cannot imagine Bryher's characters indulging in it, although it has become stereotyped for the lay existentialist.) M. Dutourd, without being another Dostoevski, has chosen to try something as ambitious—this in itself represents a certain heroism. He is unsuccessful for the very reason that his Frenchman is authentic: where the Russian moves along with a manic energy that stimulates the reader almost beyond endurance, the Frenchman, suffering from the overly familiar contemporary paralysis, does nothing at all for 173 pages. Inevitably, since his reflections are infrequently humorous, good humored, or preoccupied with cultural or cosmic events, but only with the petty, frustrated man, incapable of love on either a private or public scale, it becomes boring. Who cares? we daringly ask, unwilling to see that the bank clerk is ourselves, or — can we perhaps palm him off? — more like certain of our friends.

LETTER FROM TOKYO

Akira Iwasaki

MORAL standards in Japan have been confused and fluctuating since the surrender and the occupation. This state of affairs may revive the prewar official censorship, because it is reflected in the most apparent and candid expression of morality — art in general, and fiction and the movies in particular.

The current literary scene is marked, or, as some hold, marred by the work of undergraduate writers. Taisuke Fujishima, a student at Gakushuin (formerly Peer's) University, has written *Kodoku no Hito* (The Man of Loneliness), a story based on his own school life in which Crown Prince Akihito and Mrs. Vining, his American tutor, are central figures. The public was startled by this audacious use of the future emperor in a novel, and the book has sold well. Kunie Iwabashi and Michiko Fukai, young girls studying literature, have both written prize-winning novels. They are strongly influenced by existentialism and their common theme is sex.

Not the most gifted but certainly the most popular of all is Shintaro Ishihara. At the age of twenty-three, and while still a student at a government university, he won the Akutagawa Prize — Japan's Pulitzer Prize — for *Taiyo no Kisetsu* (The Season of the Sun). Its literary merit is dubious, but its content is sensational; it depicts the sexual behavior of today's teen-agers in terms that profoundly shock their more innocent elders. The hero, a high school boy, makes love to an older girl, and when she becomes pregnant forces her to undergo an abortion which kills her. The boy believes only in sex, and ridicules love. To prove it, he sells his girl to his brother for five thousand yen (about $14). *The Season of the Sun* is thin and unoriginal as to plot or character, but it is padded out with lurid and explicit detail. As a result it aroused vigorous controversy and became the top bestseller.

The book's notority spread still further when it was adopted for the screen; the picture seems to have started a fad for movies about sexy teen-agers. Young Ishihara is now a popular hero — to the point that the so-called Shintaro hair-cut has become the style for a large part of the nation's youth.

ISHIHARA'S second novel, *Shokei no Heya* (The Room of Execution), has also been filmed, by Masaichi Nagata of the Daiei Company. It is at least as demoralizing as its predecessor, its theme being sex, orgy, violence and gangsterism on a university campus. A boy drugs a co-ed and rapes her while she lies unconscious — and while the camera looks fixedly on. Parent-teacher associations and mothers' associa-

AKIRA IWASAKI is a film critic and producer and the author of many books on film theory. During the war he was imprisoned by the Japanese government.

Skin and Bone

The wick burns down the length
Of its cold paraffin
Till the burned string's strength
Sputters, and is gone;

And if you have not seen
The spider in his web
Make of that silk machine
A jail where small things ebb,

You cannot know I mean
The skin around the bone.

The heavy leaves of blight
Curl inward and come down;
It is the moth of light
The darkness tumbles down;

And if you cannot see
The crab's dry rattling legs
Turn over, claw the sky,
And wither to the dregs,

You cannot know I mean
The skin around the bone.

The string stands for the nerve,
The web stands for the brain,
The wing for the eyelid's curve,
The leaf stands for the skin,

But the claw is appetite
That feeds on that heart each night
You cannot know. I mean
The skin around the bone.

HOWARD MOSS

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tions were outraged by the picture and protested to the producers.

A new word "Taiyozoku," meaning The Solar Tribe and derived from *Taiyo no Kisetsu*, is now used to identify a new type of bad boys and girls. They present the most serious current social problem in Japan. Some people say that American movies are responsible for their state of mind. To a degree that may be so, but they are shaped also by the spiritual climate of the local society. Japan's young generation wants to test, for the most part blindly, a freedom that was unknown in prewar Japan. "I do whatever I want," is its ethical slogan. The boys and girls rebel desperately against what they see as adult hypocrisy, conventionality and snobbery. Meanwhile the older generation, having seen all its values collapse, has lost its moral assurance, and can neither guide nor discipline the youth. The war and the defeat have shaken the whole moral system: that cornerstone of all virtues, loyalty to the Emperor, has been exposed as empty form. It is a basic weakness of the Japanese that they have no heritage of moral law, as the West has Emmanuel Kant and other moral philosophers, by which to govern their behavior. They act only through indoctrination and are an easy prey to confusion. Faced with the "Solar Tribe," adults can do nothing but lose their heads and fly into a frenzy.

MEANWHILE, the Solar boom continues to spread. Ishihara's *Kurutta Kajitsu* (A Crazy Fruit) and *Nisshoku no Natsu* (The Summer of Solar Eclipse), Iwahashi's *Gyakukosen* (Counter-light), Fukai's *Natsu no Arashi* (A Summer Storm), are at once bestsellers and hit movies. Their effects are apparent in the newspapers. At a seaside resort near Tokyo three Solar-tribe boys tugged three reluctant girls out to sea in a rubber boat and tried to drown them by ripping the sides. In many parts of the country, high school boys have attempted to drug and rape their girl friends. Movies and books are not solely responsible, but it is a fact that juvenile sex delinquency is increasing. Court records show that such cases numbered 601 in 1955, as compared with 100 in 1941.

The student writers do not enjoy a monopoly on sex as a theme for fiction. Jun'ichiro Tanizaki, at the age of 70 the most respected master of Japanese literature, is currently writing *Kagi* (The Key) which deals with the abnormal sex relations of an old couple. The novel has caused a hot debate in the Diet.

Public opinion is sharply critical of the Eirin (Committee for Ethics in the Movie), the Japanese counterpart of the Breen Office, for failing to stop harmful films, and is calling for its reorganization. The Eirin was set up by the movie industry seven years ago, in accordance with a suggestion from the occupation authorities, as a voluntary censorship organ. The present attack upon it gives the conservative Hatoyama Administration a perfect opportunity to step in. The older members of the administration, convinced that Japan suffers from excessive freedom of expression, are pressing to bring the movie industry back under prewar government control. A few weeks ago, the cabinet discussed the issue, and is reported to have agreed on the need for such legislation. The public does not know which it prefers — a freedom that now leads to pornography or a government supervision that recalls wartime military control.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IF HE keeps in character, the movie reviewer has little to say about either *Tea and Sympathy* or *The Bad Seed*. These very skillful Broadway hits have been brought to the screen substantially intact and will presumably absorb and disturb movie audiences as they absorbed and disturbed the theatre public. At no great creative cost to itself, Hollywood has proved twice again that it dares to deal forthrightly with the problems of the day.

But seeing them on successive days, I was seized with a suspicion about them: do they deal with real human problems or are they ingenious tricks? Isn't it shocking that a perfectly normal and extremely promising schoolboy should be brought, by the sadistic taunts of his father, his housemaster, a prostitute and his fellow students, to acknowledge himself a homosexual? And furthermore, isn't it horrible that murder should be a characteristic (like brown eyes or curly hair) that is carried in the genes and can become manifest in full malignancy in a small child? These are indeed shocking and horrible suggestions, but why are none of us who knit our brows and wag our tongues about *Tea and Sympathy* and *The Bad Seed* very closely stricken by the revelations? It could be that the problems so starkly presented are more inventive than real.

They are relevant inventions, of course, or they wouldn't work as popular entertainment. We know in a vague sort of way that homosexuality is a social problem and we know, in an even vaguer way, that the line between heredity and environment is shadowy and that juvenile delinquency is on the upswing. And it is because we are vague that these plays impress us. If we had some working knowledge of abnormal psychology or genetic process we might be less eager to chew these dilemmas.

Notice the extreme terms in which Robert Anderson must frame *Tea and Sympathy* in order for his problem to work with even surface plausibility. His schoolboy must be afflicted with a father who is a coward, a bully, a snob and a fool, a housemaster who overcompensates for his own lack of sexual security by ludicrous displays of extrovert athleticism; he must attend a school that is gripped by hysterical virility and he must have available for his pathetic test a prostitute who plys her trade in the campus soda shop (This girl, though she is only one detail, seems to me evidence that Mr. Anderson is not wrestling with a problem, but inventing one. She

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waves her profession like a banner and every boy in the school is deliciously aware of it, but the school authorities blandly let her continue to dish out sodas and sundaes in the tuck shop. I'd be as ready to believe that the faculty wives were performing a strip tease in the gym.)

Under this combination of hostile circumstances a boy might become as confused as Mr. Anderson's hero, and just as probably he might be restored to a correct view of himself by the supremely generous gesture of the housemaster's wife, who is also, it happens, somewhat deprived of her wifely expectations. But that is not to say that this is how homosexuality occurs or how it is prevented; *Tea and Sympathy*, for all its genteel pornography, never touches the true problem.

And so with *The Bad Seed,* an exercise in genetic obscuratism that was originally conceived as a novel by William March and then made into a hit play by Maxwell Anderson. It's a real novelty to cast a pretty little girl in the role of mass murderer and you can inject a good scientific gimmick by suggesting (and very carefully never saying) that she inherited her taste and talent for homicide from a grandmother who went to the chair years before she was born. The girl's mother doesn't know who her own mother was, so this tendency looks pretty genetic, all right. Like the way a fellow can inherit a swell chess game or a taste for papaya juice from some ancestor who died in the Boer War. Defective genes are a real problem and if we go on exploding bombs to impress the Russians it may become an increasing one. But no gene, normal or defective, controls any social behavior—murder, like charity, begins in the home. *The Bad Seed* is a horror comic dressed up in sophisticated language.

THE FILM based on Edna Ferber's family chronicle of Texas, *Giant,* runs for almost three and a half hours; the first fifteen minutes are embarrassingly cute, the last hour and a half is superfluous, and in between is a normal-length picture of excellent quality. Miss Ferber writes with a strong narrative drive that translates into vivid film action, and George Stevens, producing and directing for Warner Brothers, has animated her pages with large, bold strokes. His rococo Victorian mansion, rising in almost fairytale loneliness out of the flat grazing land, is a superb focus for her story of how the proud Benedicts ruled their empire of half a million acres. It is incongruous, ugly, colorful and insultingly strong, and, as its lines and colors change and become soft and confused from decade to decade, it becomes a fine tacit comment on the lives of its inhabitants. This, for a happy change, is a first-rate movie creation.

The book, however, has run away with the camera. I suspect that Miss Ferber, who is no weakling, looked the Warners in the eye and told them they could use the whole novel or none of it at all. They took it all —three generations and a span of some forty years—and they tell two complete stories. The first one is over when oil is struck on the Benedict ranch. That ends the feudal age of beef, and turns the royal Benedicts into much wealthier but much less remarkable people. But the book goes on to tell another story: the evolution of the arrogant, hard-working, long-planning and tradition-bound rancher into the confused, restless, unemployed oil capitalist. It tells that history quite persuasively, but movies are at least so much related to the drama that they cannot handle two self-sufficient narratives at one go. The length of *Giant* becomes a tedium; worse than that, the action comes to a logical and satisfying conclusion and then has to be whipped into motion again for another full race around the emotional track. *Giant* breaks in the middle and the second half is drudgery.

For his cast, Stevens has used safe professionals: Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, Mercedes McCambridge, June Withers, etc. These are people who will neither astonish nor disappoint; they do what they are told and make up in experience for what they lack in imagination. For excitement, Stevens added James Dean and, as always in his brief career, Dean supplied it.

I don't know whether Dean was a brilliant actor or a lucky natural; he died before there was time to find out. He played one part, emotionally, in all his pictures—a lonely, rejected, rebellious, confused and dangerously idealistic adolescent—and he played it with a passionate demand to be understood that came off the screen like a blow. What he did was utterly convincing and indescribably touching, but whether he could have done anything else we won't know. In the middle of *Giant,* the cowboy Dean is playing strikes oil and in the second half of the picture he is transformed from the lonely dreaming boy to a debauched and power-mad croesus. Dean doesn't do this very well; he becomes careful and leans heavily on props and cliché gestures. But the evidence is not conclusive — Dean may have seen the part as corny, and he would have been right.

THE BRITISH, who also take their stories where they find them, have sent over a screen version of George Orwell's *1984,* with Edmund O'Brien and Jean Sterling as the rebellious lovers and Michael Redgrave as O'Connor, the terrible inquisitor. The story is told with sufficient respect for Orwell's grim fantasy, but somehow the horror and the admonition are gone. It becomes a sort of romantic tragedy set in a Wellsian never-land. I think the mistake was to make a realistic picture of it. If you want people to believe that in less than thirty years England will be ruled by a gang of fascist madmen and peopled by mobs of decerebrated slaves, you should present the idea in somewhat stylized terms. The aim of this production was probably to intensify the nightmare by making all the surroundings so familiar, but it doesn't work.

The electronic gadgets seem ingenious and a little funny; the dread O'Connor behaves like a self-satisfied floorwalker, and the rebellious Winston Smith, we see, was outraged because authority stood in the path of true love—which was also Romeo's complaint. I came away from the picture convinced that the British would never take to that Big Brother chap. It's a good trip to Mars, if you don't mind a sad ending.

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TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

A FINE public-relations project for someone in the TV industry would be a contest for the best essay beginning with the words "The trouble with television is. . . ." Research for this contest should begin in the TV columns, where you find that critics are apt to say that the star of a program was great but his material was uninspired, or that a show's format was exciting but the cast was impossible, or that the producer or director or writer scuttled a dandy idea. It is unusual to find a show in which producer, sponsor and stars find a format and material which will accomplish what they set out to do. Perhaps this is because the usual goal is to entertain—and that is an amorphous guide.

The trouble with television (this is my entry) is that there are not more shows like *Medical Horizons*, which you can see on ABC every Sunday afternoon. Its goal is to tell the story of modern medicine—doctors, scientists, researchers, hospitals. It is sponsored by CIBA Pharmaceutical Products which thinks that to tell this story is good business, and produced by two young men, Robert Foster and James Lichtman, who have found the way to tell it effectively. Don Goddard, who conducts the series on the screen, is a veteran science reporter with a refreshing curiosity and sensitive intelligence. This team is not at all interested in dressing up its subject, or in making it particularly entertaining. It is interested in honest and understandable exposition, and everything that goes into planning and producing the series is measured by that standard.

In the opening show, Goddard and his camera crew were escorted through delivery rooms, labor rooms, nurseries, as doctors at the Sinai Hospital in Baltimore explained the special treatment of premature infants. "It would scare me—handling a fragile little baby like that," said Goddard, putting our own thoughts into words. A week later, he took a speculative whiff of a new anesthesia being investigated at Duke University Hospital. The show illuminated the whole process of anesthesia so well that for the first time that item on hospital bills seemed not only justified but welcome. At Rockland State Hospital, a recovered mental patient, effective in her awkward hesitancy at being interviewed, kept to the same quiet tone as the rest of the show. Goddard was interested but unemotional as he queried staff, walked through hospital corridors, discussed treatment developments and research.

The sponsor, the producers and Goddard, the reporter, all realize that medicine is an explosive subject for mass communication. The series is produced "in cooperation with" the American Medical Association, which means that in return for giving its official blessing—not unimportant in the eyes of the public and the medical profession—that organization has a right of veto over content. This affiliation also eases the task of getting doctors and hospitals on the show, does much to whittle down the coy, shall-we-tell-the-public-the-truth attitude of the men in white. Last season's series also helped to allay the profession's suspicions, for week after week doctors found it thoroughly honest and non-sensational.

"As a matter of fact," Goddard reports, "the doctors are beginning to enjoy the show." He believes that many of them have been glad of the opportunity to discuss their work in a way which the public can understand. These also like to watch it, getting a quick look at what their confreres are up to, adding a face to a name in medical journals. The series has a healthy respect for doctors but does not deify them.

Remember *Medic?* NBC is running the last of its repeats before taking it off the air. Last week the item was the heart-rending tragedy of a young man, crippled with an arthritic spinal condition, who forces his wife to leave him so that he can fight the disease alone without her pity. To the accompaniment of doom-type music, the dreadful story unfolded, occasionally brightened by a sparkling young lady who asked, "Girls, do you ever go out for dinner and worry about your lipstick?" *Medic* failed because it had no faith in its subject, but used it as a peg on which to hang a series of mediocre dramas.

In the animal division the same process operates: compare NBC's fresh, factual and utterly delightful *Zoo Parade* to the hoked-up new series, *Noah's Ark* (by Jack Webb, out of *Dragnet*), another collection of melodramas, tied to the unwitting tails of the customers of a veterinarian. If animals watch television, they'll have a much better time with *Zoo Parade*. It won't pull at their heartstrings or rush them to the vet with a whole set of new symptoms, but it will inform them and interest them. And they can believe what they see and what they hear. For human beings, *Medical Horizons* fills the same bill.

MUSIC

By B. H. Haggin

THE Royal Danish Ballet, like the Sadler's Wells, offers the pleasure of seeing a permanent subsidized company dance in richly mounted and carefully prepared productions with the easy assurance and precision achieved by years of study and rehearsal and performance together. Like the English dancers, too, the Danes charm one with their sweetness and good manners, but with this difference—that whereas the general dancing style of the English company exhibits a softness amounting almost to flabbiness, the Danes dance with an engaging alertness and spirit. Their female soloists include no one with the dazzling

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technique, glamorous presence and power of projection of Margot Fonteyn; but Margrethe Schanne, Mona Vangsaa, Inge Sand and Kirsten Petersen are accomplished and lovely dancers. And the Danish company is strong in its male soloists, among them the technically brilliant Fredbjorn Bjornsson and, most impressive of all, the poetic Henning Kronstam.

An additional feature of interest is the company's repertory. Since it has a continuous existence and tradition which extend back to the opening of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen in 1748, it offers works of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—Galeotti's *The Whims of Cupid* (1786), Bournonville's famous *La Sylphide* (1836) and his *Napoli* (1842)—which have been kept in the repertory since their premieres. It is impossible to believe that they have been preserved intact in the process of being handed down by one generation of dancers to the next; but they are interesting to see even in their altered state. To these the company, in its New York season, added its own version of one of the ballet classics, *Coppelia;* its productions of two twentieth-century classics, Fokine's *Les Sylphides* under the title *Chopiniana* and his *Petrushka;* its productions of two modern works, Lichine's *Graduation Ball* and Balanchine's *Night Shadow* under the title *La Sonnambula;* and the *Romeo and Juliet* that Ashton created for the company to Prokofiev's score.

Of the three museum pieces I enjoyed most *The Whims of Cupid,* in which the dances of the several couples and the ensemble dance in which Cupid mischievously rearranges them were charming. *La Sylphide,* the first of the Romantic ballets concerned with the involvements of human and supernatural beings, had some beautiful sequences in which Margrethe Schanne danced with exquisite delicacy and lightness suitable for the incorporeal Sylphide. In *Napoli,* on the other hand, I found not only the long stretches of miming in the first two acts but the dance invention less interesting; but a comedy bit by a street singer and his drummer was done superbly.

Most of the dances in the *Coppelia* were as effective as those in the version that used to be danced by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo; and the piece as a whole was performed by the Danish company with a precision and verve which the Monte Carlo performances didn't have. One missed certain details of the ear-of-wheat pas de deux in the first act and the entire third-act pas de deux that Danilova used to make into some of the great moments of the work; but Inge Sand, though in her own way a charming and effective Swanilda, doesn't have the resources that would have enabled her to make of these passages what Danilova made of them.

In John Taras' staging of the version of *Night Shadow* that Balanchine created for the de Cuevas company one was aware of occasional changes and losses; but the piece was unmistakably Balanchine's, and was exciting to see again. The production had distinguished scenery by André Delfau and costumes by him that I liked better than the extreme and horrible ones of the Monte Carlo company's production; and it gained by Henning Kronstam's performance of the Poet. But the climactic pas de deux of the Poet's encounter with the Sonnambulist—one of the most extraordinarily imaginative strokes of *fantaisie Balanchine*—lost by Margrethe Schanne's lack of the concentration and intensity with which Danilova gave it terrific impact in the Monte Carlo performances.

As for *Romeo and Juliet,* Prokofiev and Ashton both were able to contrive music and movement for the scenes of spectacle, brawling, dueling and violent death, but not for the poetry of the scenes of the two lovers. A dance of Juliet with Paris was lovely to hear and see; an episode of the Nurse and her page was amusing; the rest I found increasingly uninteresting. *Les Sylphides, Petrushka* and *Graduation Ball* I was unable to see.

STRAVINSKY's ballet score *Le Baiser de la fée,* his *hommage* to Tchaikovsky, has what I think is his most beautifully wrought and most affecting writing. Only the suite to which he gave the title Divertimento has been performed in concert and on records; and this omitted some of the most impressive and beautiful passages—notably the entr'actes and the epilogue. But now Columbia ML-5102 offers the entire work excellently performed (except for a couple of bad notes from the solo horn) by the Cleveland Orchestra under Stravinsky himself; and the record is one of the great events of the year.

Gulda's performance of the solo parts of Mozart's Piano Concertos K.503 and 537 with the New Symphony under Collins on London LL-1370 is a playing of the notes without any enlivening inflection of phrase. In the earlier performance of K.503 on Angel 35215 Gieseking's playing is too small in scale, but he does impart life to the music with his phrasing; in addition the Philharmonia Orchestra's playing under Rosbaud is finer, and the orchestral detail is reproduced more clearly.

Epic LC-3259 offers Mozart's Concerto K.365 for two pianos, played well by Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel, and the uninteresting K.242 for three pianos, played less well by Ilse von Alpenheim and the Schnabels. Paumgartner conducts the Vienna Symphony.

In Schumann's Piano Concerto, on Angel 35321, Gieseking's playing and the Philharmonia's under von Karajan are excessively small-scale except in the tuttis, and Gieseking's treatment of the first-movement cadenza is highly mannered. The performance to acquire is still Lipatti's on Columbia ML-4525.

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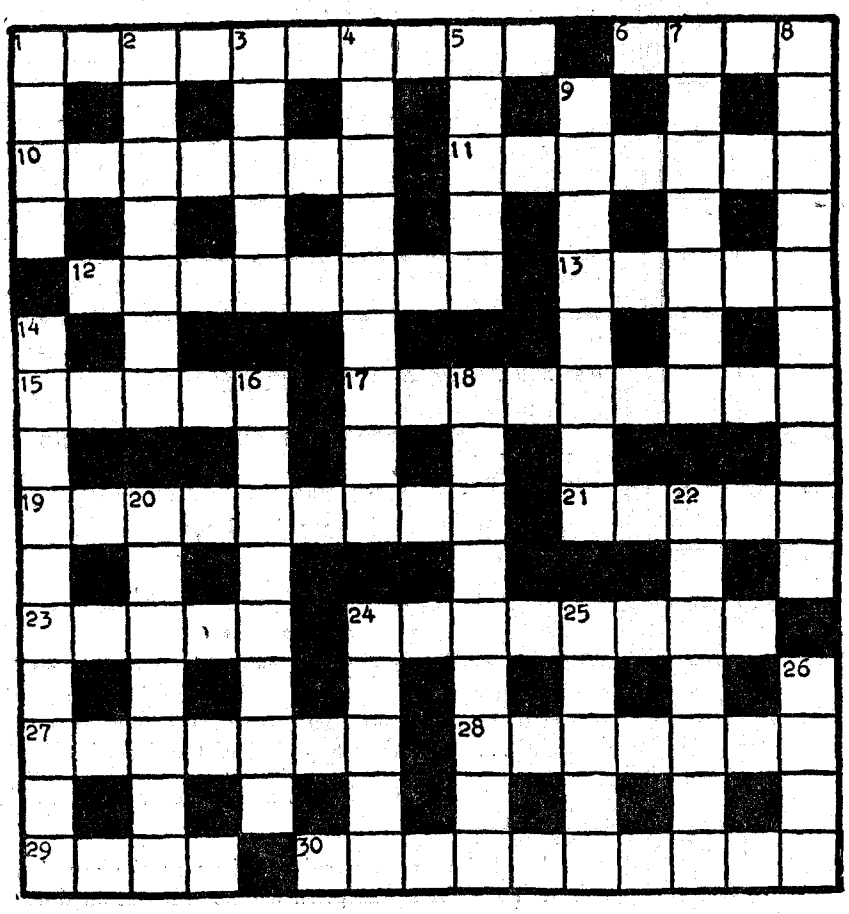
Crossword Puzzle No. 694

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 21 across
6 Obviously there's one drink left. (4)
10 Cheer up the happy home. (7)
11 and 23 across Check the air? (4, 3, 5)
12 Malady marks the hang-out of doctors. (8)
13 Synonymous with Iago's purse? (5)
15 One might the middle of 10 to get it. (5)
17 The green color inside the train makes it rock. (9)
19 A blooming egotist, no doubt! (9)
21 and 1 across Applied to an act which was not necessarily a curious undertaking for Earl. (5, 10)
23 See 11 across
24 Make vocal 23 about the top. (8)
27 Done by the contrite. (7)
28 Stuck with a dimple? (7)
29 About as quiet as a band. (4)
30 Did her 23 suggest a happy bower? (4, 6)

DOWN:

1 See 2 down
2, 1 down, and 7 down They might have got into hot water, but no thievery is implied for Adam and Eve on a raft. (7, 4, 2, 5)
3 Responsible for 8, he should have gladdened Mr. Watson's heart. (5)
4 An oil change takes several weeks around here. (Evidently they stood up one at a time.) (9)
5 Things on each side of their bridges shouldn't cross. (5)
7 See 2 down
8 His certainly seems to be a fixed idea. (3, 7)
9 Strangely enough, the North use a variation of it. (8)
14 Evidently a lot of work! (6, 4)
16 Showing it's sort of nice around six, but no good afterward. (8)
18 Ay, it's true, even for the English! (9)
20 Is indignant, and stops taking an inside measurement. (7)
22 Led to confusion in the Nazi movement (now that it's wrapped up)! (7)
24 Was she quiet when Abraham came up? (5)
25 The last key letter? (5)
26 A study of the protectorate? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 693

ACROSS: 1 CURATIVE; 5 OFFSET; 9 BOUNDEN; 10 SADDLED; 11 SMALLER; 12 PORTION; 13 BURGLAR ALARMS; 15 GIVE NO QUARTER; 21 ISRAELI; 22 IMITATE; 23 TRIOLET; 24 ENGLISH; 25 CANADA; 26 EYESIGHT. DOWN: 1 CUBIST; 2 RHUBARB; 3 TODDLER; 4 VENTRILOQUIST; 6 FEDERAL; 7 SILLIER; 8 TIDINESS; 10 SUPERLATIVELY; 14 EGOISTIC; 16 VERSION; 17 NEEDLED; 18 TWINGES; 19 READING; 20 RED HOT.

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